

Archives

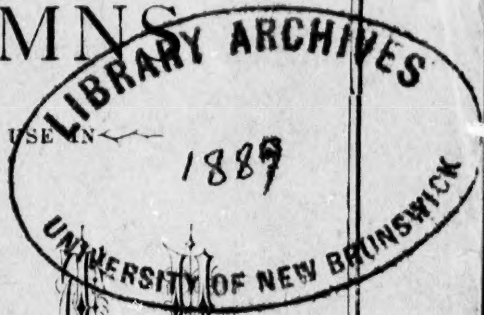
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HYMNS

FOR USE IN



MEETINGS.



MONCTON,

MRS. I. H. COWIE, PRINTER.

1888.

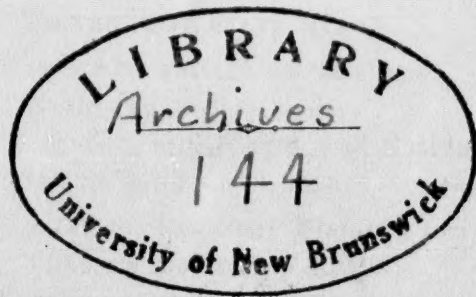


54

HYMNS

FOR USE IN

W. C. T. U. MEETINGS.



MONCTON,

MRS. I. H. COWIE, PRINTER.

1888.

2011.11.11



W.C. T. U. HYMNS.

Our Banner Hymn.

Air: Coronation.

“FOR GOD, and Home, and Native Land,”

We gather here to-day,
Obedient to divine command,
To work, and watch, and pray.

Lord, save our nation from the tide
Intemperance rolls along;
In Thee alone doth power abide,
To vanquish every wrong.

May we be valiant as we stand,
Amid the mighty foes;

“For God, and Home, and Native Land,”
Let us the host oppose.

We ask for heavenly wisdom. Lord,
That we may never stray;
That we may walk with sweet accord,
And walk the pleasant way.

“For God, and Home, and Native Land,”
Let every heart grow strong;
Lord, lead us by Thy mighty hand,
Till victory be our song.

International Temperance Hymn.

BRITANNIA, ²rouse thee! queen Isle of the
Ocean,

And strike for the millions that boast of thy
fame;

Columbia, answer with heart of devotion,
And march to the strife in the Conqueror's
name.

Old land of the brave, thy flag on the wave,
O long may it ride o'er the enemy's grave.

Columbia, fresh as the glow of the morning,
And strong in the race of the nations to run;-
A tyrant is rising, look well to the warning,
And honor the name of thine own Washington;
Young land of the free, let all the world see
The rapture of freedom still dwelling in thee.

And thou, young Dominion! crowned in
earth's story,

And bathed in the light of the Temperance
Star,

Dost shine as a bride in her coronal glory,
Our sister-land greeted and praised from afar;
Shout back o'er the sea, to the Queen of the
Free,

Victorious splendour still lingers o'er thee.

nce Hymn.

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t of devotion,
the Conqueror's

g on the wave,
emy's grave.

of the morning,
nations to run;
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wn Washington;
the world see
welling in thee.

! crowned in

Temperance

onal glory,
ised from afar;
Queen of the

rs o'er thee.

Britannia, hasten! Columbia, speed thee!
The wide world is waiting a new, holy song;
Be brave in the struggle, and onward God
lead thee!

Till jubilee cometh exultant and long;
The waves of the sea shall chime with the
free.—

To God in the heavens the glory shall be.

Home Protection Hymn.

Air: Arise and Shine.

O TRUST ye in the Lord forever!

Strong is His arm and wide His love;
He keepeth truth, He faileth never,
Tho' earth and sea and heaven remove.

CHO. Sing to the Lord! He goes before us;
His strength is ours, His truth shall stand
Till east and west shall join the chorus,
For God. and Home. and Native Land.

Be strong, oh men who bear the battle
For us the banner and the shield,
For strong to conquer as to suffer
Is He who leads you in the field.

Lift up your eyes, oh women, weeping
Beside your dead! The dawning day
Has rent the seal of death forever,
And angels roll the stone away.

Room for the Right! Make room before me
 For truth and righteousness to stand,
 And plant the holy banner o'er us—
 For God, and Home, and Native Land.

To THE WORK! to the work! we are servants
 of God,
 Let us follow the path that our Master has
 trod;
 With the balm of His council our strength to
 renew,
 Let us do with our might what our hands find
 to do.

CHO. Toiling on, toiling on,
 Toiling on, toiling on,
 Let us hope and trust,
 Let us watch, and pray,
 And labour till the Master comes.

To the work! to the work! let the hungry be
 fed;
 To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;
 In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
 While we herald the tidings, "Salvation is
 free."

To the work! to the work! there is labour for
 all, [fall;
 For the kingdom of darkness and error shall

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sness to stand,
er o'er us—
nd Native Land.

! we are servants

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e Master comes.

t the hungry be

weary be led;

glory shall be,

"Salvation is

re is labour for

[fall;

nd error shall

and the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
n the loud swelling chorus, 'Salvation is free'

To the work! to the work! In the strength of
the Lord, [ward;

And a robe and a crown shall our labour re-

When the home of the faithful our dwelling
shall be, [is free."

And we shout with the ransomed, "Salvation

HE LEADETH me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be.

Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN. He leadeth me! He leadeth me!

By His own hand He leadeth me;

His faithful follower I would be,

For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,

Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—

Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,

Nor ever murmur or repine—

Content, whate'er lot I see,

Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,

When, by thy grace, the victory's won,

E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love:
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathising tear.

When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain,
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

WORK. for the night is coming,
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun,

Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

f JESUS keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
CHORUS. In the Cross, In the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me;
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy
 From His light-house evermore,
 But to us He gives the keeping
 Of the lights along the shore.

CHORUS. Let the lower lights be burning!
 Send a gleam across the wave!

Some poor fainting struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor sailor tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbour,
In the darkness *may be lost.*

10
JESUS lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Rock of ages, cleft for me.
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the perfect cure,
 Save, me Lord, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone;
 In my hand no price I bring.
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death,
 When I mount to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

STAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
 Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
 Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
 Like raging floods around the soul!

Cho. Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand!
 Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
 Stand up, His righteous cause de-
 fend;

Stand up for Jesus your best Friend.

**Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Sound forth His name on sea and land !
Spread forth His glorious Word abroad,
Till all the world shall own Him Lord !**

**Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand !
Till heathen lands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry.**

**Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand !
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on heaven's bright shore.**

12
**THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;**

There are weary souls who perish,

While the days are going by;

If a smile we can renew,

As our journey we pursue,

Oh, the good we all may do,

While the days are going by.

REFRAIN. Going by, going by,

Going by, going by,

Oh, the good we all may do,

While the days are going by.

There's no time for idle scorning;
 While the days are going by;
 Let your face be like the morning,
 While the days are going by;
 O! the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes,
 Help your fallen brother rise,
 While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us.
 While the days are going by;
 One by one we leave behind us.
 While the days are going by;
 But the seeds of good we sow,
 Both in shade and shine will grow,
 And will keep our hearts aglow.
 While the days are going by.

S. M.

My SOUL, be on thy guard!
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.
 O watch, and fight, and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
 Ne'er think the victory won.

Nor lay thine armour down;
Thy arduous task will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

White Robes in Heaven.

Air: "Scatter seeds of kindness."

ALL who in the Lord believe,
All that love His holy name,
Lo! from heaven hear the message
That the Spirit did proclaim:
"I will give them all a robe,
White and spotless shall it be,
They shall wear the robe forever,
They shall walk in white with Me."

All that in the Lord abide,
All that take the cross he bore,
Lo! from heaven hear the message,
Wafted to this earthly shore.
"I will give them all a robe,
White and spotless shall it be,
They shall wear the robe forever,
They shall walk in white with Me."

ABIDE with me; fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories fade away;
 Change and decay in all around I see,

O Thou who changest not—abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour,
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
 power;

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be,
 Thro' clouds and sunshine—oh, abide with
 me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the
 skies; [shadows flee,

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

8s & 7s.

“LIFT your heads” with faith; the morrow
 Dawneth brighter than the day;
 Angel hands will lift the shadows,
 Chase the gathering gloom away.

Does the night seem long and weary—
 Danger threatening 'long the way?
 Joy will soon return to bless thee,
 Soon will dawn a brighter day.

What, tho' wars and earth's commotions

Try your faith, and cause dismay;
 God, your Father rules the nations,
 He will send a brighter day.

Let your hearts be cheered with gladness,
 Though the sun is veiled from sight;
 See! the stars are brighter beaming
 Through the shadows of the night.

— — —
 C. M.

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home,—
 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God;
 To endless years the same.

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

— — —
 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,

Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land,
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
When they hear the sweetest voice
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not in doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus blood,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kind-
ness,

Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy eves;

Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap-
ing, [sheaves.

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

CHO. Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling
breeze:

By and bye the harvest and the labour ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

Going forth with weeping, sowing for the
Master, [grieves;

Though the loss sustained our spirit often
When our weeping's over, he will bid us wel-
come,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take Him at His word;
Just to rest upon His promise;
Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord,"

CHO. Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him;

How I've proved Him o'er and o'er.
 Jesus, Jesus, Precious Jesus!
 O for grace to love Him more.

O, how sweet to trust in Jesus,
 Just to trust His cleansing blood;
 Just in simple faith to plunge me
 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.

Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus.
 Just from sin and self to cease;
 Just from Jesus simply taking
 Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.

I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,
 Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend,
 And I know that Thou art with me,
 Wilt be with me to the end.

Down in the valley with my Saviour I would
 go,
 Where the flowers are blooming, and the
 sweet waters flow;
 Everywhere He leads me, I will follow, follow
 on,
 Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won
 REF. Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus,
 Anywhere, everywhere, I would follow
 on!

Him o'er and o'er.
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Follow Jesus,
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Follow! follow! I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere He leads me, I will follow on

Down in the valley with my Saviour I would
go,

Where the storms are sweeping and the dark
waters flow,

With His hand to lead me I will never, never
fear,

Dangers cannot fright me if my Lord be near.

Down in the valley or upon the mountain
steep.

Close beside my Saviour would my soul ever
keep;

He will lead me safely in the path where He
has trod,—

Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

Thanks be to Jesus, His mercy is free,
Mercy is free, mercy is free,
Sinner that mercy is flowing for thee,
Mercy is boundless and free.

If thou art willing on Him to believe,
Mercy is free, mercy is free,
Life everlasting thy soul may receive,
Mercy is boundless and free.

Ref. Jesus the Saviour is looking for thee,

Looking for thee, looking for thee,
Lovingly, tenderly calling for thee,
Calling and looking for thee.

Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou
roam?

Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Gently the Spirit is calling 'Come home,'
Mercy is boundless and free.
Thou art in darkness, O come to the light,
Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Jesus is waiting, He'll save you to-night,
Mercy is boundless and free.

Think of His goodness, and patience, and
love,

Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Pleading thy cause with His Father above
Mercy is boundless and free.
Come and repenting, O, give Him thy
heart,

Mercy is free, mercy is free,
Grieve Him no longer, but come as thou
art,

Mercy is boundless and free.

Yes, there is pardon for all who believe,
Mercy is free, mercy is free;
Come and this moment a blessing receive,
Mercy is boundless and free.

Jesus is waiting, O hear Him proclaim,
 Mercy is free, mercy is free;
 Cling to His mercy, believe on His name,
 Mercy is boundless and free.

S. M.

Give to the winds thy fears,
 Hope and be undismayed;
 He hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 He shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears the way;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

Leave to his sovereign away
 To choose and to command;
 Soon shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
 How wise, how strong, his hand.

Far, far above thy thought,
 His counsell shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus
 All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a privilege to carry

Everything to God in prayer.
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a Friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

— — —
 SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
 Thou gavest me,
 Nor should I aught withhold,
 Dear Lord, from Thee;
 In love my soul would bow,

My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought, and won,
Something for Thee.

“Call them in”—the poor and wretched,
Sin-stained wand'ers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer;
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
“Call them in,”—the weak and weary,
Laden with the doom of sin,
Bid them come and rest in Jesus:

He is waiting,—“call them in.”

“Call them in”—the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast;

“Call them in,”—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least;

Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;

Robe, and ring, and royal sandals,
Wait the lost ones,—“call them in.”

“Call them in”—the broken hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;

Speak love's message low and tender,
‘Twas for sinners Jesus came:

See, the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;

Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming,—“call them in.”

ONLY an armour-bearer, proudly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's command;
Marching if “onward” shall the order be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

Chor. Hear ye the battle cry! Forward the call!

See! see the faltering ones, backward
they fall,

¶ Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armour-bearer I may be.¶

hem in."

, the Gentile;
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h, the noble,
e least;
meet them,
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oudly I stand,
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rving faithfully.
orward the call!
ones, backward

depend on me,
er I may be.||

Only an armour-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

Only an armour-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal and a bright crown wear:
If, in the battle, to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honours in the grand review.

ONE more day's work for Jesus;

One more of life to me!

But heav'n is nearer,

And Christ is dearer,

Than yesterday to me;

His love and light

Fill all my soul to-night.

CHO. One more day's work for Jesus,

One more day's work for Jesus,

One more day's work for Jesus,

One more of life to me.

One more day's work for Jesus;

How sweet the work has been,

To tell the story,

To show the glory,

When Christ's flock enter in!

How it did shine

In this poor heart of mine!

One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh yes, a weary day;

But heaven shines clearer,
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before His face I fall.

I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

My Father's house of light,—
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me?

I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

Am I my brother's keeper?
 Or serving self alone?
 Are none around me better
 Since I the way have known?
 Do any faint or falter,
 And in the darkness fall?
 Because my lamp burns dimly,
 Or gives no light at all?

CHO. Where are the brother-keepers,
 The faithful and the true?
 Where are the brother-keepers?
 What answer offer you?
 Our hearts should long for others
 The love of Christ to share.
 Where are the brothers?
 The Lord asks, Where?

If envy rules the spirit,
 Perhaps it is because
 A brother's gift is better,
 As Abel's offering was!
 This rule of truth eternal
 Shall hidden motives tell:
 They only are accepted
 Who do their duties well.
 Are there no words of comfort

To cheer the hearts that mourn?
 Or for the weak and erring
 No burdens to be borne?
 God help us to be brothers,
 And firm as brothers stand:
 For love to God and neighbour
 Should travel hand in hand.

(HOLLEY.) 7s.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
 Cast thy dreamy ease away;
 Thou art in the midst of foes,
 Therefore Christian, watch and pray.
 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
 Wear it ever night and day;
 Near thee lurks the evil one,
 Therefore Christian, watch and pray.
 'Twas by watching and by prayer,
 Holy men of olden day,
 Won the palms and crowns they wear,
 Therefore Christian, watch and pray.

(CHRISTMAS.) C. M.

O CHRISTIAN trav'ler fear no more
 The storms that round thee spread;

Nor yet the noon-tide's sultry beams
 || On thy defenceless head. ||

Thy Saviour, who upon the cross
 Thy full redemption paid,
 Will not from thee, His ransomed one,
 || With-hold His promised aid. ||

A safe retreat and hiding place
 Thy Saviour will provide;
 And sorrow cannot fill thy heart,
 || While sheltered at His side. ||

No, in thy darkest days on earth,
 When every joy seems flown,
 Believer, thou shalt never tread
 || The toilsome way alone. ||

I NEED Thee every hour,
 Most gracious Lord;
 No gentle voice like Thine
 Can peace afford.

REF. I need Thee, Oh! I need Thee;
 Every hour I need Thee;
 O bless me now, my Saviour!
 I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour;
 Stay Thou near by;
 Temptations lose their power
 When Thou art nigh.

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 stand:
 ighbour
 n hand.

78.

t repose,
 e away;
 of foes,
 watch and pray.

our on,
 nd day;
 l one,
 watch and pray.

by prayer,
 y,
 wns they wear,
 watch and pray.

C. M.

no more
 hee spread;

I need Thee every hour.
 In joy or pain;
 Come quickly and abide,
 Or life is vain.

I need Thee every hour;
 Teach me Thy will;
 And Thy rich promises
 In me fulfil.

ARE you coming home ye wand'ers
 Whom Jesus died to win,
 All foot-sore, lame and weary,
 Your garments stained with sin;
 Will you seek the blood of Jesus
 To wash your garments white;
 Will you trust His precious promise,
 Are you coming home to-night?

CHO. Are you coming Home to-night,
 Are you coming Home to-night,
 Are you coming Home to Jesus,
 Out of darkness into light?
 Are you coming Home to-night,
 Are you coming Home to-night,
 To your loving, heavenly Father,
 Are you coming Home to-night?
 Are you coming Home, ye lost ones?

Behold your Lord doth wait;
 Come then no longer linger,
 Come ere it be too late;
 Will you come and let Him save you,
 O trust His love and might;
 Will you come while He is calling,
 Are you coming home to-night?
 Are you coming Home, ye guilty,
 Who bear the load of sin;
 Outside you've long been standing,
 Come now and venture in;
 Will you heed the Saviour's promise,
 And dare to trust Him quite;
 "Come unto Me," saith Jesus,
 Are you coming Home to-night?

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day
 And by faith we may see it afar;
 For the Father waits over the way,
 To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHO. || In the sweet by and bye,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.||

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
 The melodious songs of the blest,
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above,
 We will offer a tribute of praise,
 For the glorious gift of His love,
 And the blessings that hallow our days.

The Temperance Call.

HEAR the temperance call,
 Freeman one and all,
 Hear your country's earnest cry;
 See your native land
 Lift her beckoning hand;--

Sons of freedom, come ye nigh.

CHO. Chase the monster from our shore,
 Let his cruel reign be o'er;
 Chase the monster from our shore,
 Let his cruel reign be o'er.

Leave the shop and farm
 Leave your bright hearths warm;
 To the polls! the land to save;

Let your leaders be
 True and noble, free,
 Fearless, temperate, good, and brave.

Hail! our Fatherland,
 Here thy children stand,
 All resolved, united, true;
 In the temperance cause

Ne'er to faint or pause !
 This our purpose is, and vow.

L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep
 From which none ever wake to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to rest
 In hope of being ever blest.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! soon to rise,
 When the last trump shall rend the skies;
 Then burst the fetters of the tomb,
 And wake in full, immortal bloom.

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll?
 Where, in all the bright forever,
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

REF. Shall we meet, shall we meet,
 Shall we meet beyond the river,
 Shall we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll?

Shall we meet in that blest harbour,
 When the stormy voyage is o'er?
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor
 By the fair celestial shore?
 Shall we meet in yonder city
 Where the towers of crystal shine?
 Where the walls are all of jasper,
 Built by workmanship divine?
 Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour,
 When he comes to claim his own?
 Shall we know his blessed favour,
 And sit down upon his throne?

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
 I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home,—sweet, sweet home!
 Oh, how sweet it will be there to meet
 The dear loved ones at home.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
 I shall be soon;

Beyone the shining and the shading,
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
 I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home, etc.

Beyond the rising and the setting
 I shall be soon;

Beyond the calming and the fretting,
 Beyond remembering and forgetting,
 I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home, etc.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
 I shall be soon.

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
 I shall be soon!

Love, rest, and home, etc.

LAUNCH the life-boat! see, the ship is strand-
 ing!

There are loved ones you may save;
 Launch the life-boat! from the gospel landing
 The storm is on the wave.

CHO. Launch the life-boat! launch the life-
 boat!
 Though the surges roar;

Launch the life-boat ! launch the life-
boat

From the gospel shore !

Wrecks of manhood on the rocks of
evil;

Wrecks of youth upon the shoals:

Quickly launch the blessed gospel
life-boat,

And gather in the souls.

Oft beneath youth's mild and sunny waters

Hidden shoals of danger lie;

Where's the pilot for our sons and daughters,

To guide them safely by?

Oft upon life's dark and stormy ocean

Sturdy manhood's bark is tossed; [tion

Where's the faith that stills the wild commo-

Before a soul is lost?

O for hearts to love as did the Master

Those who sadly fail in life !

O for willing hands that labour faster

The fiercer grows the strife.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you

Child of sorrow and of woe—

It will joy and comfort give you,

Take it then where'er you go.

CHO. Precious name, O how sweet!
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven,
 Precious name, O, how sweet,
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Take the name of Jesus ever,
 As a shield from every snare;
 If temptations round you gather.
 Breathe that holy name in prayer.

Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
 How it thrills our souls with joy,
 When His loving arms receive us,
 And His songs our tongues employ.

At the name of Jesus bowing,
 Falling prostrate at His feet,
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
 When the journey is complete.

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
 I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
 Let Thy precious blood applied,
 Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REF. || Every day, every hour,
 Let me feel Thy cleansing power. ||

Thro' this changing world below,
 Lead me gently, gently as I go;
 Trusting Thee, I cannot stray.

I can never, never lose my way.
 Let me love Thee more and more,
 Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
 Till my soul is lost in love,
 In a brighter, brighter world above.

Not now, my child,—a little more rough toss-
 ing,

A little longer on the billows' foam;
 A few more journeyings in the desert dark-
 ness.

And then, the sunshine of thy Father's home.

Not now, for I have wanderers in the distance
 And thou must call them in with patient
 love;

Not now, for I have sheep upon the moun-
 tains,
 And thou must follow them where'er they
 rove.

Not now, for wounded hearts are sorely
 bleeding.

And thou must teach those widowed hearts
 to sing;

Not now, for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
 They must be gathered 'neath the sheltering
 wing.

Go, with the name of Jesus to the dying,
 And speak that Name in all its living power
 Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and
 weary?

Canst thou not watch with Me one little
 hour?

One little hour! and then the glorious crown-
 ing,

The golden harp-strings, and the victor's
 palm;

One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
 Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm.

RESCUE the perishing.

Care for the dying,

Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;

Weep o'er the erring one,

Lift up the fallen,

Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

CHO, Rescue the perishing.

Care for the dying;

Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Though they are slighting Him,

Still He is waiting.

Waiting the penitent child to receive;

Plead with them earnestly,

Plead with them gently;

He will forgive if they only believe.

Down in the human heart,
 Crushed by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace may restore;
 Touched by a loving heart,
 Wakened by kindness, [more.
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once
 Rescue the perishing,
 Duty demands it;
 Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide:
 Back to the narrow way,
 Patiently win them;
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known.
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief;
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare.
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless.
 And since He bids me seek His face,

Believe His word and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

May I thy consolation share,
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
 I view my home and take my flight.
 In my immortal flesh I'll rise
 To seize the everlasting prize,
 And shout while passing through the air,
 "Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer."

TRUSTING in the Lord thy God,
 Onward go! onward go!
 Holding fast His promised word,
 Onward go!
 Ne'er deny His worthy Name.
 Tho' it bring reproach and shame;
 Spreading still His wondrous fame,
 Onward go!

Has He called thee to the plough?
 Onward go! Onward go!
 Night is coming, serve Him now;
 Onward go!
 Faith and love in service blend;
 On His mighty arm depend;

Standing fast until the end,
Onward go!

Has He given thee golden grain?

Onward go! Onward go!

Sow, and thou shalt reap again;
Onward go!

To thy Master's gate repair,

Watching be and waiting there;

He will hear and answer prayer;

Onward go!

O SAFE to the rock that is higher than I, [fly;
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in
Thee.

REF. Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages,"
I'm hiding in Thee.

How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the
foe.

I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out
my woe;

How often when trials like sea billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my
soul.

WHEN Jesus comes to reward His servants,
 Whether it be noon or night,
 Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
 With our lamps all trimmed and bright?

REF. Oh, can we say we are ready, Sisters?
 Ready for the soul's bright home?
 Say will He find you and me still watch-
 ing,

Waiting, waiting till the Lord shall come?

If at the dawn of the early morning,

He shall call us one by one

When to the Lord we restore our talents,

Will He answer thee—'Well done?'

Have we been true to the trust He left us?

Do we seek to do our best?

If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,

We shall have a glorious rest.

Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watch-
 In His glory they shall share; [ing,

If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,

Will He find us watching there?

HEAVENLY Father we beseech Thee,
 Grant Thy blessing ere we part;
 Take us in Thy care and keeping,
 Guard from evil every heart.

CHO. Bless the words we here have spoken,
Offered prayer and cheerful strain:
If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee,
Grant we all may meet again.

Loving Saviour, go Thou with us,
Be our comfort and our stay;
Grateful praise to Thee we render,
For the joy we feel to-day.

Holy Spirit, dwell within us.
May our souls Thy temple be;
May we tread the path to glory,
Led and guided still by Thee.

Heavenly Father, Loving Saviour,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As among Thy saints and angels,
So on earth, Thy will be done.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound;
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

While our days on earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 May we run, nor weary be,
 Till Thy glory
 Without clouds in heaven we see.

TEMPERANCE DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him who heals the drunkard's woe,
 Praise Him who leads the temperance host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



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